



THE
IRISH LAD.

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN,
In the new Comic Opera call'd the
DOUBLE DISGUISE.

EACH pretty young miss, with a long heavy
purse,
Is courted, and flatter'd, and easily had:
She longs to be taken for better or worse,
And quickly elopes with an Irish lad—
To be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

The wife, when forsaken for bottle or dice,
Her dress all-neglected, and sighing and sad,
Finds delight in sweet converse, and changes her
sighs
For the good humour'd chat of an Irish lad.
To be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

The widow, in sorrow, declines the sweet joys
Of publick amusement, in sables all clad.
The widow her twelvemonth in sorrow employs;
Then hastens to church with an Irish lad.
To be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

Then be sure take a glass on St. Patrick's day,
True pleasure enjoy while it is to be had;
To the pipe and tabor foot it away,
Each pretty young girl with an Irish lad.
To be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

